Fellowship in Prayer

"For a world united in prayer"

"Grant, our Father, unto us who so much need it, the grace to be wise in silence, constant in prayer and humble in spirit." Amen.

Volume VI April 1955 Number 2

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FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER
(Incorporated)
22 East 29th Street
New York 16, N. Y.

Volume VI April 1955 Number 2

BE YE DOERS

Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves. —James 1:22.

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Between the great things we cannot do and the small things we will not do, the danger is that we may do nothing. --MONOD

* * *

OFTEN WE HEAR IT SAID THAT CHRISTIANITY HAS FAILED. The truth is that Christianity has not been applied. The god of materialism, in whom we have put our trust, has failed; his temple is crumbling around us and we realize that he is an idol of brass, and that there is no help he can give.

YOU AND I CANNOT force others to put their trust in God, but we can set an example by ordering our individual lives in accordance with His infinite Will. And what is that Will? We find it in love, peace and harmony, and by casting out every lesser thing that may stand between ourselves and God, and between ourselves and other men.

NOW IS THE TIME TO PRAY "Not *my* will, but *Thine*, be done," and to return to the activity of the Christian life. What is the activity of Christian life? It is not merely listening to sermons, no matter how eloquent; nor is prayer an intercession to change the Will of God. The real activity by which we may help ourselves and others is the activity of prayer and sacramental life, of entering into the Will of God so that He may work through us. In this work of prayer all things may be brought to pass; it is our breathing and our living, and it is the work that we are called to today.

--Randolph Ray.

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AN EASTER MESSAGE — THE RISEN REDEEMER

By W. J. Thompson, D.D.

In his beautiful story of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ, the Apostle John tells us - "On the first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene early, when it was yet dark, unto the sepulchre." *(John 20:1)*

These words reveal the eagerness of Mary to visit the tomb of Jesus at the earliest possible moment. And then, as she stood in the garden, quite close to the tomb, Mary made her great mistake. The One she wanted more than anyone else stood near her, and — "she knew not that it was Jesus". *(John 20:14)* "She supposed He was the gardener." *(John 20: 15)*

Mary's mistake has been explained in various ways. Some suggest that the dim light of early morning spoiled her vision, so that she could not see clearly. Others declare that Mary's mistake was due to the blinding tears in her eyes. But there is a third explanation even more likely to be the real reason for her great mistake that morning, when she stood near the Master and failed to recognize Him.

Mary did not know Jesus because she was not looking for a Living Lord, but for a lifeless body!

She went to the sepulchre in the garden with embalming spices in her hands, and with despair in her heart! This combination proves that she did not expect to see her Lord alive. As she stood there, weeping and trying to peer into the tomb, she heard a movement behind her, and turning around she saw a figure and "she supposed he was the gardener".

Hoping the newcomer may have some information about her Lord, she overcomes all fears, and cries, "Sir, if you have removed Him, tell me where He is." Then the figure before her uttered just one word—and it changed grief into gladness, and gloom into glory!

That one word was her own name— "Mary" —spoken as only One could say it. That word, thrilling with love and tenderness, touched her heart, illumined her mind and inspired her soul. In that very moment she knew - first of all human beings to know - that Jesus Christ had actually risen from the dead and the hope of humanity was more than a hope - for it was now a Radiant Reality, revealed in the Person of the Risen

Redeemer!

'Master!' Only one word she said
But her heart was in that cry;
There He stood, her Christ, and
that sufficed
Although she had seen Him die!
And for Mary Magdalene
That marvelous Easter Day -

All the dread night, all the fear
and blight,
Had forever passed away!

Now turn to another scene on the evening of that same day. Darkness had fallen over the land, and the disciples were gathered in a house in Jerusalem. The door was locked and the windows covered for fear of their enemies. They were discussing the strange events of that First Easter Day when suddenly there came to them an indescribable feeling that someone else was present in the room; and with one accord they turned to see the One they had just mentioned - the One they all knew and loved - the Lord Himself!

But, even as they looked at Him, came the thought of the crucifixion, and the locked doors, and they were afraid, for "they supposed they had seen a spirit." *(Luke 24:37)* Then the Voice that had revealed the truth to Mary in the morning of that Easter Day spoke to them that evening words of Divine Peace and Comfort! Then were the disciples glad. Their minds at last grasped the glorious truth that the Resurrection was a fact. Jesus had really risen from the tomb, and was there before them!

Now put together these two passages of Scripture:

"She supposed He was the gardener." *(John 20:15)*

"They supposed they had seen a spirit." *(Luke 24:37)*

In these two mistakes we have a picture of two common errors regarding our Lord and Saviour.

So many make the mistake that Mary made. They accept an earthly explanation of Christ. They look upon Him as simply a human figure - a gardener, a teacher, a friend - when all the time He is infinitely beyond our poor human measurements and is actually the Divine Redeemer and Risen Saviour for

whom we long!

The mistake made by the little group of disciples in the evening was the exact opposite of Mary's mistake in the morning.

She stumbled over the likely and familiar; the group of disciples stumbled over the unlikely and mysterious. To Mary Christ was mistaken for an ordinary gardener about to begin his day's work. To the disciples gathered in the room in Jerusalem, Christ was mistaken for a ghost, a strange, unearthly figure—filling them with fear!

Here is the point to emphasize as we study this Easter Message - In Jesus Christ, our Risen Saviour, two worlds meet - the earthly and the heavenly are combined! But whenever we try to interpret Him by either standard alone we fail to understand the Real Christ.

Please observe this carefully— To Mary who made the mistake of thinking he belonged only to the earthly plane, Christ taught the lesson of reverence for the Divine when He said, "Touch me not." *(John 20:17)*

To the band of disciples who made the mistake of thinking He belonged only to the unearthly plane, and were afraid to approach Him, Christ taught the lesson of familiarity when He said, "Why are you troubled? Behold my hands and my feet, that it is I myself; handle me and see, for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as you see I have." *(Luke 24: 38-40)*

How wonderfully appropriate is the message of the Risen Christ to all who seek Him! To those making Mary's mistake, thinking of Him on a low level, the Living Lord calls for reverence. It is not enough to think of Him as just a good man or a great human Leader. He is to be worshipped as the Divine Redeemer and Risen Saviour.

To others, making the mistake of the disciple-band—thinking of Christ as a mysterious ghostly figure, unearthly and terrifying, He calls for closer observation and more intimate touch. Jesus Christ is not only to be worshipped—He is to be followed.

Let us make this perfectly clear - it is a tragic mistake to emphasize the humanity of Jesus Christ until we forget His Deity. It is equally disastrous to "spiritualize" Him until He becomes a shadowy figure—unreal and ghostly! The truth is, Jesus Christ is indeed the Son of Man, and He is truly the Son of God. He is a fact of history as real as

Julius Caesar, and He is a Spiritual Power—able to save and guide and bless each trusting soul. The Christ of History - who lived and died and rose again long years ago in Palestine is also the Christ of Divine Revelation in modern human experience! (He calls to you this Easter Day! Give him your love, your loyalty, your life. You will find Him so human that He will understand your daily needs. You will find Him so Divine that He will give you the grace only God Himself can give to satisfy your spiritual hunger.) Jesus Christ is neither gardener nor ghost. He is your Risen Redeemer and Companion, in time and in Eternity! He combines in His life the earthly and the heavenly — to guide you safely all the way from earth to heaven.

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REASONS FOR BELIEVING IN PRAYER

By Dr. Daniel A. Poling

I BELIEVE IN PRAYER because a personal God would inevitably wish personal contact with His children.

PRAYER IS part of that contact.

I BELIEVE IN PRAYER because prayer has produced results.

Some people say there is nothing in it . . . . that only means that they, themselves, have found nothing. A blind man will say he does not see a mountain. An unsuccessful prospector will declare there is no gold in such and such a stream. But the mountain and the gold are both there.

I BELIEVE IN PRAYER because, whatever a man's estate, prayer will enrich his life, give him a finer, truer character, a surer hold on his career, a poise and peace for sorrow, a confidence in difficulty, and at last the unquenchable hope of immortality.

PRAYER FOR ME has never stopped the sun.

PRAYER FOR ME has never changed God; but it has done more—it has changed me.

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A DAY OF FAITH

The Christian Easter, like the Jewish Passover, is a festival of spring, and spring, from time immemorial, has been the period when men's hopes rose most highly. Whatever the designated creed the individual accepts there is a faith common to many millions through countless years that something divine exists in the heart of man and does not die, though it may seem to wither.

We live in an age when a materialistic philosophy has gained great strength, and when one phase of it has even imposed itself by force on a third or more of the earth's population. This philosophy allows man certain virtues, such as courage and intelligence, but it treats him as an animal, guided in the last analysis by the primitive motives that guide other animals.

The spirit of this day is a revolt against such a philosophy, and in that revolt, never yielding through more than nineteen centuries, is the explanation of Western civilization. The Western World has had its wars, its evil done by man to man, its sordid struggles for material gain, but it has had its ethical code, too—an ideal toward which it made some progress, the ideal of sympathy and tenderness, the dream of a better and happier society. And the great heresy throughout the ages has been the doctrine that men must be ruled by terror, cruelty and greed.

More than nineteen hundred Easters have gone by; the bells have rung; hopes have grown green and expectations have blossomed—and then, too often, there has been tragedy. We cannot, perhaps dare not, look far into the future. We do not know what ordeals humanity has yet to endure. There are dreadful doctrines abroad, dreadful weapons have been invented, in some ways the earth is not so safe or happy as it was a century or several centuries ago. But we know there can be no final defeat for the hopes that rise today. Neither weapons nor marching men, neither lies nor treachery, can win that ancient battle. The immortal aspiration, the yearning for peace and justice, goodness and freedom, cannot be killed. When this spring has withered there will come other springs—in nature and in the affairs of men.

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A PATTERN - A PRAYER

When you stop to think about it
Nearly all the things we keep
Are the things we give away.
Memory is perhaps the only jewel
We carry to that far distant country
Across the strong and silent river
To Eternity.

There is no greater reward or peace
Than the knowledge of some assistance
We have given to others freely and unselfishly.

The Cross of Calvary seems less than
just recompense
For the healing grace of our Lord
and Saviour, Jesus Christ.
Ah! But certainly Christian faith is the
Outcome of His teaching and His miracles
Not the crucifixion!

It is said He gave His life for us.
Then came the Resurrection!
Henceforth, is it not better to say
He gave us knowledge of love and His
benevolent service?

It is my prayer that we may pattern
Our lives on this blueprint and thus
Save our souls for whatever the Lord
intended for us
In that Haven of Peace beyond the stars.

--G. Wallace Tibbetts.

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DAILY PRAYER--

Dear Lord, please give us
The power and strength
To work and to serve Thee
Each day's full length.

--Loreta Inman.

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THE LAW

(Continued from February issue).

The response received from readers of our February issue, on the captioned article appearing therein, surely warms the heart. Even a small beginning in combatting crime and lawlessness can lead to telling results—and may God's blessing be upon all who are doing something about it! Would that we had staff and means available to arouse a number of cities across the land.

There is also a second phase of this rough and tumble crime wave, which must be borne in mind and guarded against, if we are to survive as free people. It is more sinister than outright crime; is harder to detect and embraces enough truth to unarm the most suspecting individual. In practical operation, it consists of two rather remotely related, at present, studies of progress within our civilization for the past half century; to wit--

One: Carefully worded reports on life beyond the iron curtain (of any satelite land) with sufficient embellishments to lend attractive flavor while clothed with enough truth to overbalance unfavorable reports which may tend to minimize impressions.

Two: Restudies of democracy of the past fifty years, high lighting the freedoms taken away from people originally guaranteed these rights. These have been listed as high taxes, forced military service, curtailment of business profits, centralized government power, diminishing states rights, etc.

Briefly it is playing up totalitarian advantages against diminishing privileges of democratic form of government. Widely separated as these ideologies now are, with one hand playing a staccato falsetto while the other hand fondly rambles over familiar bass chords, they can, in time, be manipulated into a harmonic melody to lull the most alert to quietude.

In the past this idea of the veiled printed page in more brazen and crude form, has been employed only to be caught up with and exposed. Now a finesse has been injected which bears careful watching.

As one way, and probably the best under normal circum-

stances, to thwart the insidious motives of such a situation, is the schooling of one's self to read with utmost discernment, whatever is written which borders upon discussions of the nature outlined. The constant alertness to reasons for legislative arguments and actions toward possible developments. The eagle-eye scanning of editorials or articles, religious or secular, whose sinister birth might well grow into mature proportions. It is not enough to lean upon those who would do our brain work for us. It is a matter where we must discern for ourselves the truth or falseness involved. Too many with sinister motives have led us astray in the past.

Again this reverts back to the individual, and the extent that he values his freedoms and depth of his religious zeal. When one really senses the monstrous proportions to which crime has reached, plus the influences which would destroy sound government, one is appalled.

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MARIAN CONGRESS

Reporting to The Christian Century from Tiruvalla, Travangore-Cochin, India on January 13, P. Omman Philip refers to the opening session of the Marian Congress as follows--

"Vice-President, S. Radhakrishnan of India addressed the opening session of the Marian Congress attended by 50,000 Roman Catholics in Bombay last month. He spoke from the foot of the huge altar, hung with crimson and gold velvet, that had been erected in the center of the Azad Maidan. On top of the altar was a 25-foot statue of 'Our Lady' standing on a lotus. Near by sat Cardinal Gracius, archbishop of Bombay and papal legate to the congress. Behind him, arrayed in ceremonial robes of crimson and scarlet, sat 70 archbishops and bishops from India, Burma, Pakistan, Malaya and Ceylon. In his address Dr. Radhakrishnan declared that the various religions are the 'windows through which God's light shines into man's soul.' 'There can be differences about the rays they transmit or the intensity of their splendor, but these differences do not justify discord and rivalries,' he said. 'We must distinguish between the eternal light and its temporal reflections. The followers of different religions are partners in one spiritual quest, pursuing alternate approaches."

THE FULL LIFE

The passing of Dr. John R. Mott on January 31, 1955, just before his ninetieth birthday, leaves all who knew him, deeply thoughtful with a sense of responsibility to maintain and to further the ideals to which he gave so freely of his great strength, personality and vigor. He, perhaps, contributed more than any other man of the last half-century toward the understanding between faiths and denominations.

As a student at Cornell University, John R. Mott was the leader of a group of students who promoted religious interest and activity in the University. Gifted as an organizer and administrator, his talents reached similar groups in other centers. After graduation in 1888, he became Student Secretary of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, later, its General Secretary. Great strength of character gave his activities impetus, and absolute sincerity won him a tremendous following among young people. His great religious zeal never carried him into the ministry, for his concern was for the essential elements of Christian life. His simple but direct message to young people was to know God and to serve Him.

Dr. Mott was founder and leader of the Student Volunteer Movement, the World Student Federation, the Foreign Missions Conference of North America, the International Missionary Council and other associated groups. He was one of twenty-nine religious leaders invited by Andrew Carnegie to set up the Church Peace Union.

Hundreds of reports and pamphlets, a dozen books and six volumes of papers and documents represent his writings; while speaking tours carried him to Europe, Asia, Africa and Latin America. Many honorary degrees, decorations from governments and the Nobel Prize in 1946 for leadership in religious and humanitarian movements crowned a life so full.

Dr. Mott's devotion and constant effort toward his purpose leaves a challenge to those young people and those no longer young who are grateful for his example, his leadership and direction. Are *WE* standing firm—to know God and to serve Him?

Dr. John R. Mott was single-minded in purpose—his love embraced the world.

oooOooo

A CHALLENGE

By Mildred Seydell

" IMPOSSIBLE" is a word used by the average man for things he cannot do. It has no meaning for a dreamer and a doer! Most of the things that we treasure today, yesterday by the average were marked *" impossible."*

To the person without faith and ambition, *" impossible"* is an impregnable wall, unsurmountable. When he reaches it he stops short, makes no effort, accepts what he believes is inevitable. Thus progress is arrested.

But to the man who dreams—*" impossible"* is a challenge. It may have been for others—but why should it be for him? That's what Lindbergh thought, so he flew the Atlantic.

We have heard from far away places the voices of kings and of a Pope. Not so long ago sane men said such things were impossible. But some dreamers who did not reckon with the word brought their dreams to fruition and gave us the cables and the radios.

There are still many apparently impossible things to be made possible. So dream your dream and strive diligently—it may come true!

* * *

PUSH-BUTTON POWER

We throw a switch
Many sirens roar.
We lift a lever
Airplanes soar.
We push a button
A city is light.
We release a spring,
Gears mesh in might.

There is a pulse
In affairs of the world,
A push-button touch
Could lift unfurled
A power so great
Men everywhere
Would turn to face
The power of Prayer.

--Nona D. Spath.

oooOooo

When the first rose flush of dawn
Comes forth to meet the perfumed winds
of Easter morn,
It is said that all the trees in all the
world
Bow silent heads, remembering the tree-cross
and the thorn--

One tree from out the world of trees was
sanctified
That shadowed morn,
When it made resting place for Him
Whose brow felt prick of plaited thorn;

The tall, straight tree
Whose head had towered toward the sky,
Growing in unconscious beauty to form the
cross
Whereon the Son of God in cruel mockery
should die;
What anguish must have coursed along its
fibers
When it knew the base betrayal it was
used to represent;
When through its pores His blood seeped
slowly
As His life was spent;

On its rugged arms His arms were
stretched;
On its upright beam His head was pressed;
Together they lay upon the ground
As the driven nails made their cruel
wound;
And then the thud, as man's wicked art
Let it fall in place in the earth's torn
heart;

NE TREE"

Straight and tall, that long day through,
The tree held Him close for the world to
view;
It felt Mary's arms around its base,
As her grief-stricken eyes saw her Son's
tortured face;
It felt His blood slowly trickling down
From wounds made by His thorny crown;
It saw the spear thrust in His side;
Heard His broken cry as He drooped and
died;

Then the earth took up its sad lament,
As the temple veil in twain was rent;
Sun, moon and stars withdrew in space
As the earth spewed rocks from their
hiding place;
All earth grew dark and angels wept,
While the tree its holy burden kept;

Then the night-winds came with soft,
hushed breath
To touch His face in its waxen death;
And men took Him down from the arms of
the cross,
While the tree stood alone in its bitter
loss;
But it felt a glow in its throbbing heart,
For it knew it was of Christ a part;
No more would its name accursed be,
For the blood of the Christ had made it
free;

And mystery still shrouds the fate of the
tree
Which made the Cross for Christ's Calvary.

--Ae'lis Churchill Chaphe.

MISSIONS SHOULD BEGIN AT HOME, BUT

"Go Ye Into All The World"

By Robert Wells Youngs, D.D.

The World Mission of the Church is always challenged by a well-worn cliché, that Charity and Missions should begin at home. What makes the challenge so damaging to Foreign Missions is its absolute truth—Charity and Missions do begin at home. What right do we have to skip over the wickedness, intolerance, paganism, secularism, poverty and misery in our own back yard in our haste to clean up someone else's back yard? Here in the United States, Juvenile Delinquency has increased 45%. If you ask me, missions should begin at home. In the United States, 65 million people have no religious affiliation, 20 million boys and girls receive no religious instruction of any sort. If you ask me, missions should begin at home. And why go so far afield? Draw a circle with the center in our own church and with the circumference a radius of 25 miles away and you have your New York slums — congested hot beds of crime, communism, corruption, and contagious disease — where as many as seventeen families must share one bathroom and toilet, where 895 our of every one thousand families have rats and rat holes in their apartments, where as many as six families are trying to share one apartment, sleeping and eating in shifts, a city of mugging and murders, a city where 50% of the total population has no religious interest, knowledge or affiliation. As a mission board secretary told our Missionary Society not long ago, New York is the biggest mission field in the world. If you ask me, missions should begin at home.

But, before we accept this cliché at its face value, let us consider it more carefully. We find that it involves several fallacies of misuse and implication. For instance, very often the objection that missions should begin at home is not an argument for home missions, but only an excuse for no foreign missions. Seldom are those who use this cliché most loudly, eloquently and frequently, the enthusiastic champions of any sort of missionary work. Several years ago, I served on a committee in an upper New York State community to consider taking some Herald Tribune

Fresh Air Children for the summer. The committee decided that it should not help the New York City children because it had so many underprivileged children of its own. "Our charity should begin at home," said one solemn faced gentleman in a deep rich voice of confident authority. He was right. No denying that. Everyone was agreed. But did the Committee then take up the problem of helping the underprivileged children of that community? No indeed! Its children were only an excuse for not helping the underprivileged children of New York City. The Committee adjourned and everyone went home to sleep with an easy conscience. The net result of charity's beginning at home was that we were not going to help anybody that summer.

Is it just an excuse with us when we say, Missions and Charity begin at home? Or do we really mean it? If we do, then how about some of the classes in our own Sunday Schools that need teachers; how about the Red Cross drive; how about those friends of yours who have never been invited to any church. The other day one of our members told me how he was asked to play golf one Sunday. He declined the invitation explaining to his friend that he was ushering in church that Sunday. To which his host replied, "I've asked you to play golf at my club many Sunday mornings. How come you've never asked me to worship in your church with you?" If missions really begin at home, why are we so slow in beginning?

Another fallacy in the cliché that missions and charity begin at home is the implication that charity *ENDS* at home. Everything begins at home, but there is no rime, no reason, no logic, no precedent; there are no analogies to suggest that anything ends where it begins. Can you think of anything which, having begun at home, ends there? Especially in American life.

GOVERNMENT does not. Its consuls and ambassadors are situated all over the world. *BUSINESS* does not. Where is its money not invested? Where are its trademarks not displayed? The *MILITARY* does not. Our fleet is patrolling the Formosa Straits. Our army is occupying Germany. Our airfields are protecting the oil wells of Arabia. Our *TOURISTS* do not. Just try to get comfortable accommodations to Europe this summer and you'll wonder if anyone is staying in this country. Nothing ends at home. Our cliché is a half truth, no better than an error if we let it imply that things stop

where they begin. Charity and Missions begin at home, *BUT* they do not end there. They do not end at home for several reasons.

Missions begin at home *BUT* do not end there because of the *nature of the world in which we live*. The world is a kind of social body in which the classes, races, nationalities, and cultures of men are organs. As in the human body, the health of one organ depends upon the health of every other organ. Just as our physicians do not take a patient with T. B. and heart disease and say that the heart must wait until the T.B. is cured, so we cannot say of the world that a cure must begin and end in one place before it can start somewhere else. What is the use of saving the Young People of our community from all the evils that so easily beset young people, if in a year or two they must die in China because we have not taken the trouble to save the heart and mind and soul of the Chinese from communism. This social body which we call the world is of such a nature that Christian truth must either go out to save the world or material ideologies, contagious diseases, and depravity will encroach upon it and choke away its life.

Then, too, Christian missions begin at home but do not end there because of *the nature of Christian evangelism*. The genius of Christian evangelism, so effectively practiced by communism today, is to move out constantly into new regions where it establishes little cells which take up the slow work of leavening the loaf. Christian culture would have died long ago if it had been based on the principle that Christianity had to convert everyone in Jerusalem before it spread elsewhere. Evangelism has to do what it can where it can. Like rivers of water, the Christian spirit must follow the paths of least resistance across the earth. Why mark time at home when so much Kingdom building can be done somewhere else? It's the nature of Christian evangelism to reach beyond itself, beginning new work before it has completed an old.

Finally, Charity and Missions begin at home, but do not end there, because of *the nature of Christian love*. The love of Christ is not to be located geographically. It is limited to no city, no nation, no continent. It makes no racial or creedal distinctions.

On Race Relations Sunday, it is emphasized in churches

throughout the world that God made of one blood all nations of men. I have an elderly friend who many years ago was living in South Africa where the racial problem is so great today. One afternoon, walking along a sidewalk, he was crowded into the mud by a dark skinned individual who was pushed against him. He lost his temper and called the dark skinned fellow an insulting name. The dark skinned man stopped, went back to my friend and said: "If I prick my skin red blood is drawn. If you prick your skin, red blood is drawn. We're the same color on the inside and that's where God looks at us." The dark skinned man's name was Ghandi. The love of God knows no limits of color, or nationality, or class, or creed. It does not stop in our community just because we call it our home. It only begins here, because it is our home. Why should the love of God stop at the end of our block, at our county line or before the ocean barriers which mark the extremity of our country?

The Love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind.

The World Mission of the Church is the Love of God at work. It has no ending. It is for all.

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THE GLORY OF HIS RESURRECTION

Lift up your heads, ye sorrowing ones,
And be now glad in heart,
For Calvary and Easter Day
Were just three days apart!

When things go wrong, and all seems dark
Let this Truth heal the smart,,
Earth's blackest day ,, Earth's brightest day,,
Were just three days apart!

--W. J. Thompson, D.D.

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RE-THINKING MISSIONS

The omitting of any portion of RE-THINKING MISSIONS by Dr. William Ernest Hocking in the February issue of Fellowship in Prayer was due solely to our inability to encompass into sufficiently limited space, some of the choicest portions of the chapter "The Scope of the Work of Missions." Would that we might re-print pertinent parts of the entire "Report" for probably never again will there be occasion or opportunity for such a "Survey" of Oriental religious activity — especially with causes and effects standing in such bold relief with present-day developments. Thus, we *MUST* find a way to give our readers selected parts of this unusual "Survey".

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REVIVING RELIGION

From several sources of late information has been received that there is a revival of religion in Russia. One report makes Archbishop Athenagoras say that it is "reviving rapidly."

Among other gains that have been listed are: increase in religious journals, the reopening of several Russian Orthodox theological schools, increase in church attendance to the overflowing of present facilities and a sharp return to monastic life.

Many will recall that Archbishop Athengoras was in New York eighteen years as Archbishop of the Greek Orthodox Church of North and South America before being elected Archbishop of Constantinople (Istanbul) and Ecumenical Patriarch in 1948 by the Holy Synod.

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As rivers have their source in some far off fountain, so the human spirit has its source. To find his fountain of spirit is to learn the secret of heaven and earth.

--Lao-Tse.

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GERTRUDE STARRETT

We sympathize most deeply with our Advisor and Contributing Editor, Harry Halsey Starrett, in the loss of his companion and beloved wife, Gertrude Starret, on February 11, 1955.

Mr. and Mrs. Starrett became deeply interested in Fellowship in Prayer from the day of its announcement and have contributed much towards its success. Everything coming from the Starrett home has been an inspiration clothed in the beauty of holiness. It is well that we can look upon the transition into the life beyond as the attainment of a Heavenly Home — for thus, Mrs. Starrett has gained the "house of many mansions" prepared for those who love and serve Him.

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SPIRITUAL POWER

One stands in silent admiration before a person inspired by God to visualize and clothe the Lord's Prayer in terms acceptable, we hope, to peace-loving nations of the world.

Mrs. Esther Taber Fox of Hartford, Connecticut, is the person with this vision, skill and tenacity of purpose who has labored untiringly in the preparation of charts to be presented at a Congress of international representatives to be held at Bandung, West Java late in April.

Truly, "spiritual power or co-operation between God and man to fulfill His Will (prayer) is the one force mankind has not used to meet the gift that God has given man in Atomic Energy."

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THE CLOUD

A mushroom cloud spreads in the West;
A prayer comes to the heart--
To love the least, to love the best
And vindicate our part.

--Frances N. Armstrong.

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DID YOU NOTICE?

"30,000 TEENAGERS RESPOND."

Three young men, high school teenagers, rebelling against the increase in crime and rowdyism in Chicago determined to do something about it.

With the cooperation of the Key Clubs (junior groups) of Kiwanis International, and the Chicago Daily News, James Davis, John DeLong and Robert Miller saw their idea of what to do grow into a tremendous meeting of high school girls and boys from city, county and special schools in and about Chicago. More than 30,000 responded to a Rally in the Ampitheatre.

A few adults were present, for Youth must be entertained and celebrities were generous. Civic leadership and public service were represented and went home thrilled by the enthusiasm and humbled by its significance, for the 30,000 had assembled to unite in a pledge to--

"Respect my parents and act so as to bring them honor.

To cherish my school for it gives me the tools to think and work by.

To keep out of trouble and to help others stay on the right track.

To serve God, to be a credit to my country and to make my city a better place to live in."

The invocation was a Prayer for Guidance. The Benediction, *"Teach us, Oh Lord, your way. Give us to walk in your Truth."*

The Rally and its purpose was first brought to our attention by Mrs. Leslie R. Groves of 1334 Bryn Mawr Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Mr. Anthony S. Mariano of the Chicago Daily News, New York Office, followed through for us.

One direct result of the Rally fills us with gratitude. We learn that 550 boys who were represented by one of their number at the Rally have asked to sign the pledge. Their school is one to which they have been sent because they already know what it means to *"be in trouble"*. Is it not possible that their resolution, *"and to help others to stay on the right track"* will be their own redemption?

* * *

DID YOU NOTICE?

"THIS NATION UNDER GOD"

Both prayer and deep thought has gone into the planning of the recently dedicated room in our nation's capitor known as the Prayer Room. Located just off the Rotunda midway between the House and Senate Chambers, it is a room for prayer and meditation opened for the use of all members of Congress.

Anonymous generosity has made possible the stained glass window through which the significant words, "This Nation under God" are illumined. Spiritual inspiration is felt in the kneeling figure of George Washington representing the people of the United States in prayer. The American flag stands guard, moving one's thoughts to gratitude for all it represents.

Careful selection of the fittings and decoration of the room adds to its invitation for *all men* and *all religions* to unite in prayer and meditation and proves that it can be done in perfect harmony.

* * *

"THEY TAKE THEIR RELIGION TO WORK."

In 1948 an employee of Servel, Inc. the largest manufacturing plant in Evansville, Indiana, organized the Servel Bible Club. This now includes hundreds of Servel employees who meet twice a week for a half hour of interdenominational service in a conference room of the factory at the noon hour. Some of the members give half their lunch hour to worship on these days and also hold a fifteen minute prayer meeting before the first factory shift at 7:00 A. M.

* * *

"IN TODAY'S WORLD, NO NATIONS ARE REMOTE."

Essays on THE WORLD'S GREAT RELIGIONS being presented by Life Magazine has in its coverage of Hinduism and Buddhism awakened many a reader to a deep respect for these age-old religions.

Enchantment lies in the photography and the text holds one fascinated. One need not try to understand the symbolism nor to dwell on any phase, for in each religion can be found the bond for Fellowship—praying, meditating and studying the scriptures.

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METAMORPHOSIS

The seedling in the rich and fertile sod,
The rainbow blossom in its prisoning pod,
The chrysalis that bursts on shining wing
Reveal God's promise of eternal spring.

--Zelma S. Dennis.

oooOooo

APPRECIATION

Our Contributing Editors continue to command our deep appreciation for their constant help. We have reason to know that we speak for our readers too.
In addition to their well-known names, you will find others to whom we are indebted for contributions in this issue.

REASONS FOR BELIEVING IN PRAYER - *By Daniel A. Poling, D.D. (Sent by Dr. W. J. Thompson).*

A DAY OF FAITH - *(Re-printed by courtesy of-- The New York Times).*

A PATTERN - A PRAYER - *By G. Wallace Tibbetts.*

DAILY PRAYER - *By Loreta Inman.*

MARIAN CONGRESS - *(Sent by Mrs. H. M. Lydenberg).*

PUSH-BUTTON POWER - *By Nona D. Spath.*

THE ONE TREE - *By Ae'lis Churchill Chaphe.*

THE CLOUD - *By Frances N. Armstrong.*

METAMORPHOSIS - *By Zelma S. Dennis.*

Too, we express appreciation for material received which we have not yet used, but which is cherished in our file for another time.

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NOTICES and COMMENTS

EASTER AND THE PASSOVER. The *JOYOUS* Eastertide is not defined by a calendar date. Its ancient title was the *GREAT DAY*, a festival in honor of the Goddess of Spring, a season of rejoicing. The period corresponds to the Passover of the Jews and since the earliest days of the Christian Church, Easter has been a festive time commemorating the resurrection of Jesus Christ. Thus Easter has been celebrated with rejoicing throughout the world for centuries.

In early Bible versions, Easter is mentioned several times. In the King James version we find *(Acts 12:4)* that Peter was imprisoned by Herod "intending after Easter to bring him forth to the people" but *(Acts 12:7)* "behold, the angel of the Lord came upon him—saying, 'Arise up quickly' and his chains fell from his hands" — a deliverance, a resurrection, a re-birth of faith and spiritual strength, the *JOYOUS* Easter!

THEMES FOR COMING ISSUES. It has been suggested that we occasionally announce the general theme for a future issue. The admonition of Mr. Thomas J. Watson to the world-wide family of International Business Machines employees "*THINK*" is before us. Need we look further? Let us consider this word with all its ramifications; the need to think, to ponder, to weigh prayerfully is great. Let us have your contributions on the subject.

The annual subscription rate for "FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER" (bi-monthly) is $2.00 — larger amounts are sought for development.

THE PURPOSE of the organization is--

> "To promote the practice of prayer among all religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God, regardless of race, creed, or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of fellowship among mankind."

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" DE PROFUNDIS"

The legions of gods through ages old,
Have left their marks, their oak trees bold.
Yet when we muse we cite the grace
Left also in the fern trees' lace.

The powerful drive of wings on high,
The honking geese make the wren nearby
No less a universal entity. His whirring
Wings are powerful. His cosmic breathing sings.

Nor giants of the sky nor " Huns" of earth
Can conquer all with tightened girth
So long as small and silent things shall speak
Loudly of a Power that guards the weak.

When April speaks of God upon the hill--
There's flood strength in the distant rill.
When fluttering blossoms tint the sun-swept slope
There's conviction in the thought, Eternal Hope.

Nor wintry blasts can stay the tulips' flare
Nor gods of war outdo the silence where
Men kneel to pray for Peace, where Christ has led
Them to know the paths that war could never tread.

--Thomas a Kempis (1380-1471).

* * *

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To

From